Dull. Not vnderstoode none neither sir.
Ped. Alone, we will employ thee.
Dull. Ile make one in a daunce, or so: or I will play on the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.
Peda. Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport: away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Ladyes.

Quee. Sweete hartes we shalbe rich ere we depart,
Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in.
A Ladie walde about with Diamondes: Looke you, what I haue from the louing King.
Rosa. Madame, came nothing els along with that?
Quee. Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
As would be crambd vp in a sheete of paper
Writ aboth sides the leafe, margent and all,
That he was faine to seale on *Cupids* name.
Rosa. That was the way to make his god-head Wax:
For he hath been fiue thousand yeere a Boy.
Kath. I and a shrowde vnhappie gallowes too.
Ros. Youle neare be friendes with him, a kild your sister.
Kath. He made her melancholie, sad, and heauie,
And so she died: had she bin Light like you, of such a mery nimble stiring spirit, she might a bin Grandam ere she died,
And so may you: For a light hart liues long.
Ros. Whats your darke meaning mouce, of this light word?
Kath. A light condition in a beautie darke.
Ros. We neede more light to finde your meaning out.
Kath. Yole marre the light by taking it in snuffe:
Therefore Ile darkly ende the argument.
Ros. Looke what you do, you do it still i'th darke.
Kath. So do not you, for you are a light Wench.
Ros. In deede I waigh not you, and therefore light.
Kath. You waigh me not, O thats you care not for me.
Ros. Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.
Quee. Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
But *Rosaline*, you haue a Fauour too?
Who sent it? and what is it?

Rosa.

Ros. I would you knew.
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this.
Nay I haue Verses too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fayrest Goddesse on the ground,
Iam comparde to twentie thousand fairs.
O he hath drawen my picture in his letter.
Quee. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.
Quee. Beautious as Incke: a good conclusion.
Kath. Faire as a text B in a Coppie booke.
Ros. Ware pensalls, How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter,
O that your face were not so full of Oes.
Quee. A Poxe of that iest, and I beshrow all Shrowes,
But *Katherine* what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?
Kath. Madame, this Gloue.
Quee. Did he not send you twaine?
Kath. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer,
A hudge translation of hipocrisie,
Vildly compyled, profound simplicitie.
Marg. This, and these Pearle, to me sent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.
Quee. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou not wish in hart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.
Marg. I, or I would these handes might neuer part.
Quee. We are wise girles to mocke our Louers so.
Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so.
That same *Berowne* ile torture ere I go.
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wayte the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wittes in booteles rimes,
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proude to make me proude that iestes,